Hot. That Roan ſhal be my throne. Well, I wil back him ſtraight. *Eſperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the parke.

Lady. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What ſaieſt thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe (my loue) my horſe.

La. Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not ſuch a deale of ſpleene, as you are toſt with. In faith ile know your buſines *Harry*, that I wil: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir about his title, & hath ſent for you to line his enterpriſe, but if you go

Hot. So far a foot, I ſhal be weary, loue.

La. Com, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me directly, vnto this queſtion that I ſhal aske: in faith Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler, loue; I loue thee not,
I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We muſt haue bloudy noſes, and crackt crownes,
And paſſe them currant too: gods me my horſe.
What ſaiſt thou *Kate*, what wouldſt thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeed?
Wel, doe not then: for ſince you loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe. Doe you not loue me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeake in ieaſt, or no?

Hot. Come wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſe-backe, I will ſweare,
I loue thee infinitly. But harke you *Kate*,
I muſt not haue you henceforth, queſtion me?
Whither I go: nor reaſon were about.
Whither I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This euening muſt I leaue you gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe, but yet no farther wiſe,
Then *Harry Percyes* wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman, and for ſecrecie,
No Lady cloſer, for I will beleeue,
Thou wilt not vtter what thou doeſt not know:
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How, ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*
Whither I go, thither ſhall you goe too:
To day will I ſet forward, to morrow you:
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It muſt of force. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince and Poynes.

Prince. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poynes. Where haſt beene *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongſt three or foure-ſcore Hogs-heads. I haue ſounded the very baſe ſtring of Humilitie. Sirra, I am ſworne brother to a leaſh of Drawers and can call them all by their Chriſtian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*: they take it already vpon their ſaluation, that though I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the king of *Curteſie*, & tell me flatly, I am not proud *Iacke* like *Falſtaffe*; but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettall, a good Boy (by the Lord ſo they cal me) and when I am king of *England*, I ſhall command al the good lads in *Eaſtcheap*. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; & when you breath in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne language during my life. I will tell thee *Ned*, thou haſt loſt much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action: but ſweet *Ned*, to ſweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this penniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder skinker, one that neuer ſpake other Engliſh in his life, then 8. ſhillings & 6. pence, & *You are welcome*, with this ſhrill addition, *Anon, anon ſir, skore a pint of Baſtard in the Halfe moon*, or ſo. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falſtaffe* come, I prethee doe thou ſtand in ſome by-roome, while I queſtion my puny Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Sugar, & do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: ſtep aſide, and Ile ſhew thee a preſent.

Poines. Francis.

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poines. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir, looke down into the Pomgranet, *Ralfe.*